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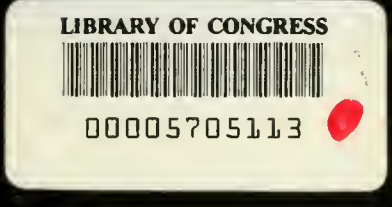

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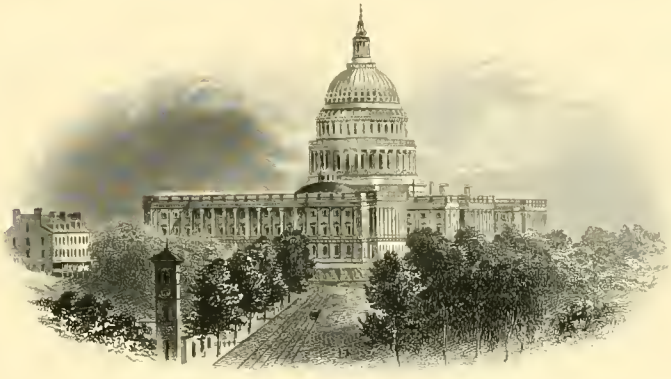
MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

HENRY B. ANTHONY.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES



Delivered in the Senate
by
Henry B. Anthony,
A Senator from Rhode Island

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES,

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS;

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY

HENRY B. ANTHONY,

A SENATOR FROM RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE:
SIDNEY S. RIDER.
1875.

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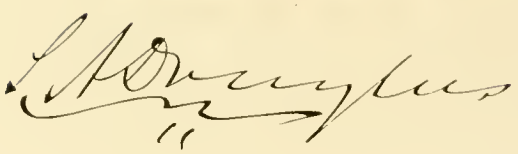
DOUGLAS



STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS.

Stephen A. Douglas, died in Chicago, June 3, 1861. On the 9th of July following, at the special session of Congress, resolutions of respect to his memory were introduced into the Senate. On these resolutions Mr. Anthony addressed the Senate as follows:—

Mr. President: To the affectionate praises of friends, and the magnanimous eulogies of rivals, I hope it will not be deemed presumptuous, if I add a few remarks from one who sustained towards the subject of these resolutions the relation of personal friendship and of political antagonism.

I first met Mr. Douglas soon after he had taken his seat in this body, in whose debates and deliberations he had already begun to hold a leading part, and with whose history his name has since been so closely identified. The frank cordiality of his manners, the unaffected kindness of his heart, the directness of his speech, and the readiness with which he declared himself upon all the questions of the day, made upon me that favorable impression which a more intimate acquaintance strengthened and confirmed.

It is not my purpose to follow his public career, or to enlarge upon the qualities of his character; that grateful office has already been performed. But I have often thought that in his indomitable energy and will, in his sturdy self-reliance,

in his early development, and his rapid march to success, he was no unfit type of the American character. As a debater, Congress has afforded to him very few equals, either in this chamber, or in the other House, where his earlier honors were won. Inexhaustible in resources, fierce and audacious in attack, skillful and ingenious in defence, he parried every thrust, and he struck with irresistible fury at the weak point of his adversary. He was a party man, but he loved his country better than his party; and in the crisis which darkened the country, in his latter days, he rose to the full height of the occasion, and appeared in the full proportions of an American Senator. His last utterances were for the Union; his last aspiration was for his country; nor is that country unmindful of his renown or ungrateful for his services. In the perils of civil commotion, and amidst the shock of fraternal strife, she pauses to weep at his tomb.

That voice to which we have so often listened with earnest attention, upon which these crowded galleries have hung, hour after hour, with unwearied delight, is hushed forever; and that home, so late the scene of genial and graceful hospitality, is shrouded in gloom; and to those who sit in its chambers of darkness, it seems that joy can never again cross its threshold. To them I dare not address myself; for I well know that, at this time, the idea of consolation would seem almost like wrong to the dead, and that upon their ears words of tenderest sympathy would fall almost with the harshness of insult. But, Mr. President, you and I know that, in the good providence of God, time, the healer, will come to them, as it comes to all, and that what is now a bitter anguish will come to be a chastened sorrow, softened by the recollection of his greatness and his fame, consoled by the honors which the American people will pay to his memory.

JOHN R. THOMSON.

On the 4th of December, 1862, resolutions were presented in the Senate, declaring the regret of the body at the death of John R. Thomson, and its respect for his memory. Mr. Anthony addressed the Senate as follows:—

Mr. President: I am unwilling to let this occasion pass without adding my tribute of respect and affection for our departed associate.

My acquaintance with Mr. Thomson was formed in this chamber. It happened that the first committee on which I was placed was one on which he had long borne a leading part. He was in the majority, I in the minority. I was charmed with the kindness of his reception, with his cordial address, and his genial manners; and our acquaintance ripened into friendship, as I became familiar with the quality of his temper and excellencies of his heart. At that time, as has been so well said by his successor, he was surrounded by the men who were the controlling senators in this body, and who are now the chiefs of an atrocious rebellion. They were his personal as well as his political friends; but his friendship did not survive their loyalty; and when their counsels became treasonable, he no longer shared in them, but openly denounced them. No consideration of partisan policy or of personal friendship stood between him and his country.

Mr. Thomson was a man of business, thoroughly conversant with affairs, possessing an extensive knowledge of trade and finance. Although liberally educated, his tastes did not lead him to literary pursuits. He made no pretensions to oratory. He did not aid to weigh down the leaden columns of the Congressional Globe with those abstract discussions which we know are not listened to when they are spoken, and which we have little reason to apprehend are read when they are printed. But when he had occasion to take part in the discussion of practical subjects, or to give his views upon measures that affected the interests of his constituents, he expressed himself clearly, forcibly, and to the purpose: and he was listened to with that attention which a man always commands who speaks only when he has something to say, and only on a subject that he knows something about. To whatever matter he addressed himself he brought a clear head, a calm judgment, and an honest purpose.

In his private character, no man could be more guileless and amiable; no man more faithful to his friends, or more charitable to his opponents. Enemies he had none, but the enemies of his country. The last time that I saw him was by his own fireside, where he most loved to be, and where he delighted to dispense its liberal and elegant hospitalities. Perhaps the shadow of the coming event was upon him, and bodily weakness may have influenced his spirits, for he seemed less cheerful than usual; but all his conversation was of his country, and of the calamities which the rebellion had brought upon it; and all his aspirations were for the success of our arms, and for the reëstablishment of the federal authority over every foot of territory that had ever been sheltered by its flag. Little did I then think that, before we should meet here again, he would receive the inevitable summons that, sooner or later, calls us to the "undiscovered country."

How often, Mr. President, in the brief period since I have been associated with you in the public councils, has the shaft of death fallen in this chamber! First, Broderick — brave, faithful and true — fell, the proto-martyr in the great cause for which so many have since suffered: then Douglas, who had just taken from party what was meant for mankind, on whom his country had begun to build higher hopes than ever before, and when she needed all her sons as she never needed them before. Then Baker, the friend and eulogist of Broderick, passed away amidst the smoke of battle, his dying eyes fixed on the flag for which he would have poured out the blood of a hundred lives; then Bingham, modest, earnest, unselfish and true hearted; and now Thomson, whose character has been so faithfully portrayed by the Senators who have preceded me.

Thus, Mr. President, one after another is taken from our councils; one chair after another stands vacant on this floor; familiar faces disappear; and new voices mingle in our deliberations. How strikingly, even in the presence of events that shake a continent and arrest the attention of the world, do these successive monitions speak to us of our own mortality and of the littleness of earthly concerns, in comparison with that future existence to whose eternal chambers this life is but the vestibule, the portal! And how, in that comparison, does this life, though crowded with mighty interests, seem to us but

> "A peevish April day;
> A little sun, a little rain,
> And then night sweeps along the plain
> And all things fade away."

WILLIAM P. FESSENDEN.

William Pitt Fessenden died in Portland, September 8, 1869. Resolutions in honor of his memory were presented in the Senate, on the 14th of December, 1869. On these resolutions Mr. Anthony addressed the Senate as follows:—

Mr. President: It is not with the expectation of adding anything to what has been said, but rather for the gratification of my own feelings, that I rise to make one more tribute to the worth of our friend, whose face we shall not see again with mortal eyes. His history has been recited by those who knew him from his youth, his character has been depicted by those who loved him. Much of that history passed under our own observation; and all of that character was appreciated and admired by those who were associated with him in this body, and who, by general consent, accorded to him a place second to that of no man in it.

In rendering my cordial assent to all that has been spoken in praise of Mr. Fessenden, I only repeat of him dead what I have said of him living. It is the general fortune of eminent public men to be greatly slandered in life, and to be unduly eulogized in death. If Mr. Fessenden did not altogether escape the former, history will admit that even the high praise that has been pronounced upon him to-day, is not exaggerated, is not the outpouring of personal friendship, which seeks relief

Yours very respy
W. P. Fessenden

from its sorrow in the extravagance of eulogy, but the deliberate judgment, which those who were long associated with him had formed of his character. That judgment, which is expressed in words after his death, was expressed in acts during his life. The great weight which his counsels carried in this chamber, the uniform respect paid to his opinions, and the conspicuous positions assigned to him, all attest the estimation in which he was held. And this estimation was undoubtedly founded on real merit, for Mr. Fessenden had not the arts of popularity, and perhaps held in too light esteem those appliances of suavity which often cover pretension and superficialness, but by which real merit does not sometimes disdain to strengthen itself. Hence he relied upon facts fairly presented and upon arguments logically adduced, for the success of a measure, and, when these failed, he did not resort to personal solicitations or to individual persuasions. And as he did not make such appeals himself, so he did not yield to them, when they came from others. I might recall to you some remarkable instances in which he argued for the convictions of his judgment, against all the force of personal solicitations, backed by his own sympathies. This temper of mind, this intellectual conscientiousness, gave him, with superficial observers, the reputation of indifference to public opinion.

But this reputation was not deserved. On the contrary, I think that he was sensitive to public opinion, and honest praise or censure affected him, perhaps the more because he would not purchase the one or conciliate the other by concessions that are generally regarded as venial. For that public opinion which is manufactured to order, he had great contempt, and flattery did not impose upon him. Even to honest but transient public opinion, founded on limited observation and shallow reasoning, Mr. Fessenden, I have sometimes thought,

did not give the consideration that was due; for this is not to be overlooked in shaping legislation; and under free institutions, where political parties are a necessity, statesmen cannot safely forget that they are also politicians, and that, working through the instrumentality of party, something must be conceded to the strengthening of that party which they hold to be identified with the best interests of the country. But genuine public opinion, the sentiment of thinking men, the deliberate judgment of the country, Mr. Fessenden held in profound respect; and although even to that he would not sacrifice his conscientious convictions, he differed from it cautiously and reluctantly.

By some, who knew him slightly, Mr. Fessenden was regarded as a haughty man. This he was not, in any offensive sense of the word. He was grave and reserved; uncommonly quick of apprehension, he was impatient of the sometimes slower processes of other minds, and he carried his intolerance of pretense and sham to a fault:—to a fault, because he sometimes confounded these with what were only the harmless peculiarities or even the settled judgments of others: but whatever he might claim for the conclusions to which he had brought his mind, he assumed no superiority for himself in reaching them. A truer, kinder heart beats in no living breast than that which now lies cold and pulseless. The universal affection in which he was held by those who sustained to him the relations of dependence and subordination is the best proof of this.

It is not given to men to achieve perfection; else this would not be a state of discipline; but of those elements which go towards it few possess so many as did Mr. Fessenden, conspicuous less for the fleeting graces that adorn a character, than for the solid virtues that dignify and ennoble it; with

small portion of the manner which the great and the little may alike put on, with much of the qualities that only the great and the good possess.

He will long be held in grateful and affectionate remembrance, for his masculine and vigorous intellect, for his pure and honest statesmanship, for his careful and exact acquirement, for the independence which nothing could shake, for the integrity which nothing could corrupt; and, underlying all, for that sound common sense, that intellectual as well as moral rectitude, upon which, as upon a basis of enduring granite, rose the beautiful superstructure of his character.

How often, Mr. President, during the troublous and perilous times through which the nation has passed; how often, when clouds settled darkest upon us and dangers gathered thickest around us, have we felt to invoke the spirits of the mighty dead, and to call upon the fathers of the Republic, that they would absent them "from felicity awhile," and leaving the mansions of eternal rest, mingle once more in the contests of earthly affairs, and teach us how to preserve the institutions which their wisdom and patriotism had established! And when, turning from the unanswering dead to the living present, we have looked to those who were wisest in council, firmest in purpose, and purest in heart, never did we fail to recognize among them him whom we now lament. And it seems to us that he is taken from us at a time when he is most needed, when the questions are impending that he best could grapple, when the problems are presented that he best could solve. We look around for those who shall fill his place. But there is One who doeth all things well. In the order of His providence, it is not permitted for any place long to remain vacant; whomever He takes away, He raises up others to fill the void that is left. So it was with

Douglas; so it was with Collamer; so it was with Foot; so it was with Lincoln. So it will be with Fessenden. And so, Mr. President—long distant be the day—will it be with you and with others, our wisest and our best. Men die, but their words are left on record, their works remain, their example survives. He who has made a record like that we are now reviewing, he who has achieved a character like that which we now hold up to the youth of America, may well say, when the supreme hour arrives—

> "Non omnis moriar; multaque pars mei
> Vitabit Libitinam."

NATHANAEL GREENE.

A resolution was passed in Congress, July 2, 1864, inviting each State to furnish, for the old Hall of the House of Representatives, "two full-length marble statues of deceased persons who have been citizens thereof, and illustrious for their renown, or from civic or military services, such as each State shall determine to be worthy of national commemoration."

In accordance with this resolution, the General Assembly of Rhode Island transmitted to Congress a statue of Major-General Nathanael Greene. On the 20th of January, 1870, Mr. Anthony presented in the Senate the following letter:—

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
PROVIDENCE, January 3, 1870.

SIR: In accordance with a resolution of Congress, passed July 2, 1864, inviting each State to furnish, for the old Hall of the House of Representatives, "two full-length marble statues of deceased persons who have been citizens thereof, and illustrious for their renown, or from civic or military services, such as each State shall determine to be worthy of national commemoration," the State of Rhode Island, by a vote of its General Assembly, has caused to be made two marble statues, one of Roger Williams, the Founder of the State, the other of Major-General Nathanael Greene, a distinguished officer of the Army of the Revolution.

I have now the honor to inform you that the statue of Major-General Nathanael Greene, by Mr. H. K. Browne, an American artist, is finished, and has been forwarded to Washington and delivered to the architect of the Capitol.

With high respect, I have the honor to remain

Your most obedient servant,

SETH PADELFORD.

To the PRESIDENT *of the Senate of the United States*,
Washington, D. C.

After the letter had been read, Mr. Anthony addressed the Senate as follows:—

Mr. President: I am charged—we are charged, my colleagues of the two Houses of Congress and myself, by the Governor of the State which we represent,—with the honorable duty of presenting to Congress, in his name and in the name of the General Assembly and of the people of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, a marble statue of Nathanael Greene.

This statue has been placed in the old Hall of the House of Representatives, in pursuance of an act of Congress, by which that beautiful chamber, itself rich in precious memories, is dedicated to historic valor, to patriotism, to statesmanship, to learning, to conspicuous excellence in all the elements that constitute national greatness.

The heroic age of our country is enveloped in no fable, and the historian is not driven to doubtful miracles, to marvels and portents to add to the dignity of its origin, nor need he resort to fanciful legends to increase the interest of his narration. The stalwart men who planted the colonies from which these States arose have left the authentic memorials of their principles and their actions, their trials and their triumphs. And the men whose valor achieved the independence

of the country, and whose wisdom founded the institutions of the great republic, are separated from us by so short a period, and one of such active historical inquiry, that their lives and characters stand before us, almost as if they had lived in our daily presence.

By the act of Congress referred to, each State of the Union is invited to place in the old Hall of the House of Representatives the statues of two of her illustrious citizens, already consecrated by death, who flourished in any period of her history. Rhode Island, which has the earliest responded to the invitation, has selected for this honor two of her early heroes, one from the colonial and one from the revolutionary period.

The first is Roger Williams, the great Founder of the State, who first declared and maintained the principle at the foundation of all true civilization, SOUL LIBERTY, the right of every man to worship God according to his own conscience, responsible to no human laws, restrained by no interposition of Church or State. Of Roger Williams there exists no portraiture, nor, so far as I am aware, any reliable description of his person or his features. He lives, not in the breathing marble or upon the glowing canvas, but immortal, in the everlasting principle which he first asserted and vindicated, and which, now recognized as an essential part of human society, was then regarded as nothing better than impracticable and mischievous fanaticism. The State, unwilling that the great name of her Founder should be unrepresented in this solemn assemblage of fame, has decreed, in its commemoration, an ideal statue, made from such scanty materials as tradition has supplied. She could do no more, and she felt that she should do no less.

In this respect, the memory of Greene is more fortunate. His statue is from authentic likenesses, and represents him

"in his habit as he lived," and in the full prime and vigor of his manhood. It was executed by Henry Kirke Browne, whose name, already of high reputation, will receive fresh honors from his latest work. As a product of American art it is confidently submitted to the judgment of criticism.

Mr. President, we have just passed through, not yet altogether through, the severest trial in the history of our country. The popular heart beats high with grateful admiration for valor and conduct proved in the field, for wisdom displayed in the cabinet. The country joyfully decorates her heroes with her freshest laurels, and heaps upon her soldiers and statesmen her selectest honors. We, Senators, interpreting the will of the nation, have been prompt to render, from this chamber, our contributions to the national gratitude. And it is right that it should be so. The Republic is stronger, as well as juster, when thus honoring her defenders, and presenting such rewards to the emulation of the rising generation.

But while we render all due honor to living valor, while we proudly hand over to the Muse of History the mighty names that have illustrated our recent annals, it is well to freshen the recollection of those whose fame she has long had in her keeping. While we celebrate the praises of those who have saved the country, let us not forget those without whom we should not have had a country to be saved: those who, in the beginning, few in numbers, feeble in power, scant of resources, but strong in the principles which they had inherited with their oppressors, armed with the stern virtues that are born of difficulty and nurtured in peril and privation, dared to defy the might of England; who trod the pathway of victory with bleeding feet, and upheld the banner of independence with hands that were wasted by famine.

While the names of Vicksburg, Fort Donelson, and Roanoke Island, South Mountain, and Antietam, and Gettysburg, and Appomattox, should be kept fresh in the memory of the country, let not the earlier glories of Lexington and Bunker Hill, of Princeton, and Trenton, and Stony Point, of Cowpens and Eutaw Springs, of Saratoga and Yorktown, be ever forgotten; nor yet those of Chippewa, Plattsburg, and New Orleans.

Among those who, in the revolutionary period, won titles to the national gratitude never disavowed, he whose statue we have placed in the Capitol, stands, in the judgment of his contemporaries and by the assent of history, second only to the man who towers without a peer in the annals of America.

I shall not attempt an analysis of his character, nor an enumeration of the great deeds upon which his fame securely rests; nor shall I discuss that fertility of resources by which he supplied an army from an impoverished country, without disaffecting the population: that marvellous skill and conduct by which he wrung the results of victory from the very jaws of defeat, and, with inferior forces, drove and scattered before him a well-appointed, disciplined enemy, flushed with the insolence of conquest; that self-reliance and persistence by which he refused every suggestion to abandon the southern campaign, and, from the field of disaster, declared, "I will recover the Carolinas or perish in the attempt." How well he proved these words no idle boast, how well he kept his pledge, I do not propose to repeat. All this has been recently done by an abler hand. A literary monument, more durable than marble, and destined to a permanent place in the literature of the language, has just been completed to his memory, by one who inherits his blood and his name, and whose pen is worthy of his grandfather's sword.

But I cannot refrain from bringing to the attention of the Senate some passages from the eulogium pronounced upon General Greene, by Alexander Hamilton, before the Society of the Cincinnati. It was expected that Washington would be present, but illness kept him away: but there were many there who had served with the orator and with the departed chief. No man was better fitted than Hamilton to discuss the character and services of Greene. No audience was better fitted to judge of the justness of the estimate which he put upon them:—

"From you who knew and loved him I fear not the imputation of flattery, or enthusiasm, when I indulge an expectation that the name of Greene will at once awaken in your minds the images of whatever is noble or estimable in human nature. The fidelity of the portrait I shall draw will therefore have nothing to apprehend from your sentence. But I dare not hope that it will meet with equal justice from all others; or that it will entirely escape the cavils of ignorance and the shafts of envy. For high as this great man stood in the estimation of his country, the whole extent of his worth was little known. The situations in which he has appeared, though such as would have measured the faculties and exhausted the resources of men who might justly challenge the epithet of great, were yet incompetent to the full display of those various, rare and exalted endowments, with which nature only now and then decorates a favorite, as if with intention to astonish mankind.

"As a man, the virtues of Greene are admitted; as a patriot, he holds a place in the foremost rank; as a statesman, he is praised; as a soldier, he is admired. But in the two last characters, especially in the last but one, his reputation falls far below his desert. It required a longer life, and still greater opportunities, to have enabled him to exhibit, in full day, the vast, I had almost said the *enormous* powers of his mind.

"The termination of the American war—not too soon for his wishes, nor for the welfare of his country, but too soon for his glory—put an end to his military career. The sudden termination of his life cut

him off from those scenes which the progress of a new, immense, and unsettled empire could not fail to open to the complete exertion of that universal and pervading genius which qualified him not less for the senate than for the field.

"In forming our estimate, nevertheless, of his character, we are not left to supposition and conjecture, we are not left to vague indications or uncertain appearances, which partiality might varnish or prejudice discolor. We have a succession of deeds, as glorious as they are unequivocal, to attest the greatness and perpetuate the honors of his name." * * * * * * * *

"He was not long there before the discerning eye of the American Fabius marked him out as the object of his confidence.

"His abilities entitled him to a preëminent share in the councils of his chief. He gained it, and he preserved it, amid all the checkered varieties of military vicissitude, and in defiance of all the intrigues of jealous and aspiring rivals.

"As long as the measures which conducted us safely through the first most critical stages of the war shall be remembered with approbation; as long as the enterprises of Trenton and Princeton shall be regarded as the dawnings of that bright day which afterward broke with such resplendent lustre: as long as the almost magic operations of the remainder of the memorable winter, distinguished not more by these events than by the extraordinary spectacle of a powerful army straitened within narrow limits by the phantom of a military force, and never permitted to transgress those limits with impunity, in which skill supplied the place of means, and disposition was the substitute for an army; as long, I say, as these operations shall continue to be the objects of curiosity and wonder, so long ought the name of Greene to be revered by a grateful country.

"To attribute to him a portion of the praise which is due, as well to the formation as to the execution of the plans that effected these important ends, can be no derogation from that wisdom and magnanimity which knew how to select and embrace councils worthy of being pursued.

"The laurels of a Henry were never tarnished by the obligations he owed and acknowledged to a Sully."

After reviewing his service in the Jersey battles, the eulogist passes to the southern campaign, where Greene, by the express selection of Washington, was placed in command:—

"Henceforth we are to view him on a more exalted eminence. He is no longer to figure in an ambiguous or secondary light; he is to shine forth the artificer of his own glory—the leader of armies and deliverer of States!" * * * * * *

"Greene, without further delay, entered upon that busy, complicated, and extraordinary scene which may truly be said to form a phenomenon in war—a scene which almost continually presents us, on the one hand, with victories ruinous to the victors; on the other, with retreats beneficial to the vanquished; which exhibits to our admiration a commander almost constantly obliged to relinquish the field to his adversary, yet as constantly making acquisitions upon him; beaten to-day; to-morrow, without a blow, compelling the conqueror to remove the very object for which he had conquered, and in a manner to fly from the very foe which he had subdued."

Speaking of the bold determination of Greene, after the battle of Guilford Court-House, to return to South Carolina, instead of going to the rescue of Virginia, threatened by a junction of Cornwallis and Arnold, Hamilton says:—

"This was one of those strokes that denote superior genius and constitute the sublime of war. It was Scipio leaving Hannibal in Italy to overcome him at Carthage!

"The success was answerable to the judicious boldness of the design. The enemy were divested of their acquisitions in South Carolina and Georgia with a rapidity which, if not ascertained, would be scarcely credible. In the short space of two months all their posts in the interior of the country were reduced. The perseverance, courage, enterprise, and resource displayed by the American general, in the course of these events, commanded the admiration even of his enemies. In vain was he defeated in one mode of obtaining his object; another was instantly substituted that answered the end. In vain was he repulsed before a besieged fortress; he immediately found other means

of compelling its defenders to relinquish their stronghold. Where force failed, address and stratagem still won the prize."

Washington measured his words with care, and was chary of praise. In a letter to Greene, upon his retirement from the office of Quartermaster-General, he wrote: —

"You have conducted the various duties of it with capacity and diligence, entirely to my satisfaction, and as far as I have had an opportunity of knowing, with the strictest integrity. When you were prevailed on to undertake the office in March, 1778, it was in great disorder and confusion, and by extraordinary exertions you so arranged it as to enable the Army to take the field the moment it was necessary, and to move with rapidity after the enemy, when they left Philadelphia. From that period to the present time your exertions have been equally great. They have appeared to me to be the result of system, and to have been well calculated to promote the interests and honor of your country. In fine, I cannot but add that the States have had in you, in my opinion, an able, upright, and diligent servant."

General Greene died at the age of forty-four. What might the country have reasonably expected from the full life of the man who, at so early an age had accomplished so much? The administrative qualities that he manifested throughout his whole military service designated him for a great civil career, which, probably, would not have stopped short of the highest honors of the Republic. But a true life is measured by what it accomplishes, not by the time that it lingers. He lived long enough to secure for his name a place high on the enduring records of his country, forever in the affections of the American people.

On the 8th of August, 1786, Congress, on the report of a committee consisting of Mr. Lee, Mr. Pettit, and Mr. Carrington, adopted the following resolutions: —

"*Resolved*, That a monument be erected to the memory of Nathanael Greene, esq., at the seat of the Federal Government, with the following inscription: —

"'Sacred to the memory of Nathanael Greene, esq., a native of the State of Rhode Island, who died on the 19th of June, 1786, late major-general in the service of the United States, and commander of their Army in the southern department.

"'The United States in Congress assembled, in honor of his patriotism, valor, and ability, have erected this monument.

"*Resolved*, That the Board of Treasury take order for the execution of the foregoing resolution."

This measure of national gratitude was not carried out.

We think that we shall not be charged with undue State pride, if we submit that the marble which we now present to you is a worthy commencement of the collection which it inaugurates, and which is to hand down to the future the glories of the past, the Valhalla of America. Others will be placed by its side, worthy of the august companionship. The future citizen will walk with patriotic awe among the effigies of his country's grandeur, and gather inspiration, as he surveys their venerated forms. States, yet to be admitted into the Union, will crowd yonder Hall with the statues of their founders, defenders, and benefactors, till the great dome of the Capitol shall be too small to cover the silent assembly of our immortal dead.

Mr. Sumner introduced the following resolution, which, after speeches from the mover, from Mr. Sawyer of South Carolina, and from Mr. Morrill of Vermont, was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the thanks of this Congress be presented to the Governor, and through him to the people of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, for the statue of Major-General Greene, whose name is so honorably identified with our revolutionary history; that this work of art is accepted in the name of the nation and assigned a place in the old Hall of the House of Representatives, already set aside by act of Congress for the statues of eminent citizens; and that a copy of this resolution, signed by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, be transmitted to the Governor of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL GREENE.

On the 12th of May, 1874, Mr. Anthony introduced a concurrent resolution with these remarks:—

Mr. President: I offer a concurrent resolution which requires a few words of explanation. Several timely and appropriate resolutions which have been offered by my friend on my right, the chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, [Mr. Morrill of Vermont,] and the interest which the Senate has manifested in the embellishment of the Capitol grounds, have brought freshly to my mind a duty long neglected, towards one of the most illustrious names in American history.

Mr. President, it is well on towards an hundred years since the Continental Congress decreed a statue to Nathanael Greene, whose sudden and premature death, in the fullness of his fame and in the early prime of his manhood, had impressed his countrymen with a sense of national bereavement, to which Congress hastened to give expression. I say "a statue." The words of the resolution are:—

"*Resolved*, That a monument be erected to the memory of Nathanael Greene, esq., at the seat of the Federal Government, with the following inscription:—

"'Sacred to the memory of Nathanael Greene, esq., a native of the State of Rhode Island, who died on the 19th of June, 1786, late major-general in the service of the United States, and commander of their Army in the southern department.

"'The United States in Congress assembled, in honor of his patriotism, valor and ability, have erected this monument.'

"*Resolved*, That the Board of Treasury take order for the execution of the foregoing resolution."

It is manifest that a statue, an equestrian statue, is so much the most suitable form of a monument, in such case, that it may be said to be the only suitable one. I presume that no other would be thought of.

Doubtless, a main reason why this resolution of Congress was not promptly carried out was that the seat of the Federal Government had not been established.

This has, long since, been done, and Washington is fast assuming the proportions, adopting the conveniences, and putting on the adornments that befit the capital city of a government of forty millions of people.

Architecture, the most useful of the fine arts, naturally led the way. The public buildings of Washington, completed and in process of construction, are among the finest in the world. The capitals of Europe offer nothing to surpass them; and Athens, in the age of her purest taste, would not have disdained the Corinthian beauty of yonder eastern front, or the Doric majesty of the Patent-Office. Sculpture and painting follow in natural order. Already, in the public squares, and in the circles and spaces where the great avenues that bear the names of the States intersect the rectangular streets, the forms of heroes and statesmen rise, like sentinels, overlooking the city and keeping perpetual watch, in marble and in bronze, over the Government with whose glory their lives were identified.

This edifice in which we hold our deliberations is one of the most splendid structures that the hands of man have piled upon the solid earth. Its adornment has hardly begun. As

the years roll on, the statues of the mighty dead will not only crowd the hall dedicated to them, but will meet the eye in the corridors and passages and wherever there is appropriate space. The walls will be covered with pictures representing the great events in American history; and the sister arts will preserve the lineaments of the men who have made that history illustrious, and will thus hold them up, silent monitors, before the eyes of those who have succeeded to their responsibilities.

The grounds of the Capitol have just been enlarged, and measures have been taken for their proper embellishment. To this embellishment sculpture will largely contribute. There must be numerous statues at the entrances and in the grounds. Taking the long roll of those whose immortal memory will claim this distinction, and but a moderate number of whom can be accommodated, no one would omit the name of the second General of the Revolution, even if the place had not been dedicated to him, first of all, by resolution of Congress. To keep in mind that pledge to preserve to him the place already assigned to him, and to designate its exact location, is the purpose of the resolution.

The concurrent resolution was read and agreed to, as follows:—

Whereas, the Continental Congress resolved, on the 8th of August, 1786, that a monument be erected at the seat of the Federal Government bearing the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Nathanael Greene, esq., a native of the State of Rhode Island, who died on the 19th of June, 1786, late major-general in the service of the United States, and commander of their Army in the southern department. The United States, in Congress assembled, in honor of his patriotism, valor, and ability, have erected this monument;" Therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate, (the House of Representatives concurring,) That the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds be instructed

to designate upon the Capitol grounds a site for an equestrian statue of Nathanael Greene, in conformity with the foregoing resolution.

The resolution was adopted, and concurred in by the House of Representatives.

At a subsequent period of the same session, an appropriation of forty thousand dollars was made for the erection of an equestrian statue of General Greene on the Capitol grounds.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

On the 9th of January 1872, Mr. Sprague offered a letter from the Governor of Rhode Island to the Vice-President of the United States, presenting to Congress a marble statue of Roger Williams, to be placed in the old Hall of the House of Representatives, in accordance with the invitation extended to all the States, in the act of Congress of July 2, 1864. At the conclusion of Mr. Sprague's remarks, Mr. Anthony spoke as follows:

Mr. President: I had not intended to interpose any remarks, at this time, for although it is always an easy and a pleasant duty for a Rhode Island man to discuss the character, to recount the history, and to celebrate the praises of the great Founder of our State, I have received no intimation, from those who had charge of the subject at home, that anything from me was expected or desired. And yet, Sir, it is hardly possible for a Rhode Island Senator to remain entirely silent, when, in this high presence, the theme is Roger Williams; and I am sure you will not deem it an intrusion or an invasion of the province of my colleague, to whose abler hands this matter has been committed, and who has so well performed the duty assigned to him, if I detain you, very briefly, before the question is put.

My colleague has well said that it was a happy idea to convert the old Hall of the House of Representatives into the

Pantheon of America. The idea originated with my distinguished friend who sits upon my right, [Mr. MORRILL, of Vermont,] then a leading member of the House, as he is now of the Senate. It was, indeed, a happy idea to assemble in the Capitol the silent effigies of the men who have made the annals of the nation illustrious: that here, overlooking our deliberations, inspiring our counsels, and animating us by their example, they may seem to guard the greatness which they founded or defended.

And I do not deem this proceeding an idle form, but rather a high ceremonial of the Republic; and I anticipate, with a patriotic pleasure, that it will be repeated, from time to time, until every State shall have sent her contribution to this assemblage of heroes and patriots and statesmen and orators and poets and scholars and divines—of men who, in every department of greatness, have added lustre to the American name. And as often as this scene shall recur: when Virginia shall send to us the statue of Washington, which cannot be too often repeated in the Capitol; and with it that of Thomas Jefferson or of Patrick Henry; when North Carolina shall send us Nathaniel Macon; and South Carolina shall send us Sumter or Marion, and Georgia shall send us Oglethorpe; when Kentucky shall send us Daniel Boone and Henry Clay, and Tennessee shall send us Andrew Jackson, and Illinois shall send us Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, and Missouri shall send us Thomas H. Benton; when New York shall send us Peter Stuyvesant and Alexander Hamilton; when Connecticut shall send us Roger Sherman and Jonathan Trumbull—I believe they are here already; I know that the blood of both is represented in this chamber by men coming from States that were not born when the names which their Senators worthily bear were first made illustrious—

when Vermont shall send us the stalwart form of her hero who thundered at the gates of Ticonderoga "in the name of the Continental Congress and the great Jehovah;" when New Jersey shall send us the great grandfather of the Senator who sits on the opposite side of the chamber [Mr. STOCKTON] and the uncle of the Senator who sits nearer me, [Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN;] when Pennsylvania shall send us William Penn and Benjamin Franklin; and when Massachusetts, pausing in the embarrassment of her riches, looking down the long list of her sons who, in arms, in arts, and in letters, in all the departments of greatness have contributed to her glory, shall, with hesitating fingers, select two to represent that glory here: then, and on every such occasion, I trust that the spirit of party will cease, that the voice of faction will be hushed, and that we shall give an hour to the past. We shall be the wiser and better for it.

In all our history no name shines with a purer light than his whose memorial we have lately placed in the Capitol. In the history of all the world, there is a no more striking example of a man grasping a grand idea, at once, in its full proportions, in all its completeness, and carrying it out unflinchingly, to its remotest legitimate results.

Roger Williams did not merely lay the foundation of religious freedom; he constructed the whole edifice, in all its impregnable strength, in all its imperishable beauty. Those who have followed him, in the same spirit, have not been able to add anything to the grand and simple words in which he enunciated the principle, nor to surpass him in the exact fidelity with which he reduced it to the practical business of government.

Religious freedom, which now, by general consent, underlies the foundation principles of civilized government, was, at that

time, looked upon as a wilder theory than any proposition, moral, political or religious, that has since engaged the serious attention of mankind. It was regarded as impracticable, disorganizing, impious, and, if not utterly subversive of social order, it was not so only because its manifest absurdity would prevent any serious effort to enforce it. The lightest punishment deemed due to its confessor was to drive him out into the howling wilderness. Had he not met with more Christian treatment from the savage children of the forest than he had found from "the Lord's anointed," he would have perished in the beginning of his experiment.

Mr. President, fame, what we call human glory, renown, is won on many fields, and in many varieties of human effort. Some clutch it with bloody hands, amid the smoke and thunder of battle. Some woo it in the quiet retreats of study, till the calm seclusion is broken by the plaudits of admiring millions, of every tongue and of every clime. Some, in contests, which, if not bloody, are too often bitter and vindictive, seek it in the forum, amid "the applause of listening senates," caught up and echoed back by the tumultuous cheers of popular adulation. All these enjoy, while they live, the renown which gilds their memories with unfading glory. The praise which attends them is their present reward. It stimulates them to greater exertions and sustains them in higher flights. And it is just and right.

But there is a fame of another kind, that comes in another way, that comes unsought, if it comes at all; for the first condition for those who achieve it is that they shall not seek it. When a man, in the communion of his own conscience, following the lessons of his own convictions, determines what it is his duty to do, and, in obscurity and discouragement, with no companions but difficulty and peril, goes out to do it—

when such a man establishes a great principle of human conduct, or succeeds in achieving a great amelioration or a great benefit to the human race, without the expectation or the desire of reward, in present honor or in future renown, the fame that shines a glory around his brow is a reflection from the "pure white light," in which the angels walk, around the throne of God.

Such a man was Roger Williams. No thought of himself, no idea of recompense or of praise interfered to sully the perfect purity of his motives, the perfect disinterestedness of his conduct. Laboring for the highest benefit of his fellow-men, he was entirely indifferent to their praises. He knew, for God, whose prophet he was, had revealed it to him, that the great principle for which he contended and for which he suffered, founded in the eternal fitness of things, would endure forever. He did not inquire if his name would survive a generation. In his vision of the future, he saw mankind emancipated from the thraldom of priest-craft, from the blindness of bigotry, from the cruelties of intolerance; he saw the nations walking forth in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free: he saw no memorial of himself, in marble or in bronze, or in the general admiration of mankind. More than two centuries have passed since he flourished; nearly two centuries have passed since he died, buried like Moses, for "no man knoweth of his sepulchre;" and now the great doctrine which he taught pervades the civilized world. A grateful State sends up here the ideal image of her Founder and her Father. An appreciative nation receives it, and, through her accredited representatives, pledges herself to preserve it among her most precious treasures.

JONATHAN TRUMBULL AND ROGER SHERMAN.

On the 8th of March, 1872, the Senators from Connecticut formally presented to Congress the statues of Jonathan Trumbull and Roger Sherman, which had been placed in the old Hall of Representatives, in accordance of the same act of Congress under which those of Nathanael Greene and Roger Williams had been placed there. Mr. Buckingham made the speech on Trumbull, Mr. Ferry that on Sherman. At their request, the resolutions of acceptance were offered by Mr. Anthony, who spoke as follows: —

I send to the Chair two resolutions, and ask unanimous consent for their present consideration.

The resolutions were read, as follows: —

Resolved by the Senate, (the House of Representatives concurring,) That the thanks of Congress are presented to the Governor, and through him to the people of the State of Connecticut, for the statues of Jonathan Trumbull and Roger Sherman, whose names are so honorably identified with our revolutionary history.

Resolved, That these works of art are accepted in the name of the nation, and assigned a place in the old Hall of the House of Representatives, already set aside, by act of Congress, for statues of eminent citizens, and that a copy of this resolution, signed by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, be transmitted to the Governor of Connecticut.

By unanimous consent, the Senate proceeded to consider the resolutions.

Mr. ANTHONY. Mr. President, it is with more than common pleasure that I offer this resolution, which I am sure will meet with the unanimous vote of the Senate, welcoming to the Pantheon of America the statues of the two illustrious men whose lives and characters have been portrayed with such eloquent truth and fidelity by the Senators from the State which claims their glory. But not hers alone. Connecticut may indeed hold their memories in a tenderer and more affectionate veneration: Connecticut may feel with a greater weight the obligation which their example and their characters impose: but renown like theirs passes the boundaries of States, and, spreading from ocean to ocean, reaches as wide as the ever expanding boundaries of the Republic. Nor is it confined to the Republic, for, in all the world, wherever, constitutional freedom has gained a foot-hold, wherever in the progress of civilization, popular rights shall find recognition and protection, the names of Jonathan Trumbull and Roger Sherman will be held in honorable remembrance. They were great men at a time of great men. They towered high among their compeers, when only men of marked character rose above the surface.

Mr. President, when we contemplate the revolutionary period of our history and the characters of the men who made it illustrious, we estimate, higher and higher, the great work which they accomplished and the mighty hands that performed it; and with that contemplation naturally comes a higher sense of the responsibilty which the lives and the labors of such men devolve upon those who suc-

ceed to the inheritance which they achieved. Surely, it has not pleased the all-wise Disposer of events to intrust to any country a larger measure of the destinies of the future than to ours, nor has He burdened any generation more richly with the hopes of mankind. The reverence in which we hold the memories of these men, and of men like them, is no imperfect test of our fidelity to their principles, of our fidelity to our own political duties and responsibilities.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

THE CHEVALIER DE TERNAY.

In the Senate, December 16, 1873, Mr. Anthony introduced the following bill:—

Be it enacted, &c., That the sum of $800, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any money not otherwise appropriated, to defray the expense of repairing and protecting from decay the monument erected at Newport, Rhode Island, to the memory of the Chevalier de Ternay, the commander of the French naval forces in aid of the American Revolution, in 1780, the money hereby appropriated to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy.

In support of the bill Mr. Anthony made the following remarks:—

The 11th of July, 1780, was a memorable day in the history of the country. On that day, the Chevalier Charles Louis d'Arsac de Ternay, an admiral in the French navy, Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, arrived off the coast of Rhode Island, and entered the harbor of Newport, with seven ships of the line, two frigates and several smaller armed vessels; and with a convoy of thirty-six transports, carrying between six and seven thousand troops, under the command of Count de Rochambeau.

This armament arrived at one of the dark periods of the unequal struggle which the American colonies were waging with the might of England; when baffled valor and disheartened patriotism looked, with faltering faith, to Heaven, for the

succor which seemed to be denied to all human effort. A little while before, Washington had written to Joseph Reed, "I have almost ceased to hope."

The arrival of De Ternay and Rochambeau inspirited the country and filled its councils with new hope. They were received with every demonstration of official respect and of popular gratulation. The General Assembly presented an address to the two commanders: the city of Newport, which had long been renowned as the chief seat of culture and social refinement in America, welcomed them with a cordial and elegant hospitality, most grateful after their wearisome voyage of more than two months, and which called forth enthusiastic praises in the correspondence of the Duc de Lauzun and others of the French officers. The town was illuminated from pavement to steeple-top: fire-works blazed along the streets, and bonfires lighted up the unequalled harbor in which the friendly vessels were anchored, and on whose broad bosom the navies of the world might ride, with ample space and safety.

I need not refer to the plans of extensive operations that were formed by the French commanders, in consultation with Washington and the chiefs of the continental army; nor to the causes which postponed the execution of these plans, and so long delayed the realization of the hopes founded on the alliance with France. All this is matter of history.

The Chevalier de Ternay remained in command of the French naval forces in America till his death, which occurred on the 15th of the following December, very suddenly, at the house of Dr. William Hunter, the father of William Hunter, who was twice elected a member of this body, and afterwards was appointed minister to Brazil; and grandfather of William Hunter, so long and honorably connected with the Department of State.

The Chevalier de Ternay was buried at Newport. With the liberality in religious matters which, from the beginning, has distinguished the people of Rhode Island, a portion of a Protestant cemetery was set apart for his burial, and consecrated according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church: and in this spot, hallowed by two of the great branches of the Christian faith, the warrior who had fought for two countries, and in many climes, was laid to his long repose. It was in the ground surrounding the venerable and beautiful edifice where Honeyman ministered, and where Berkeley had preached—Trinity church. The body of the dead Admiral was borne on the shoulders of the men whom he had commanded. Nine priests chanted the funeral service. The imposing ceremonial of the Roman Catholic Church, the pomp of military and naval pageantry, the sorrowing population that thronged around the grave of their friend and ally, made the event long remembered, as the largest and most distinguished obsequies that had ever been celebrated in that city.

After the peace, the king of France placed a memorial over the grave of the man who had borne his commission on many seas and had served him with so great fidelity. On a slab of Egyptian marble, in letters of gold, an epitaph recounts his services and commemorates his virtues. The epitaph is in Latin. A translation is furnished by an accomplished scholar, Sidney Everett, in a very interesting paper read before the Historical Society at Newport, and since published in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register. It is as follows:—

"Charles Louis d'Arsac de Ternay, a Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, though not yet having taken the vows, of old and noble family of Armorican descent, one of the admirals of the royal fleets, a citizen, a soldier and a commander, deserving well of his king and

country for 42 years, lies under this marble. Fortunate and bold, after the disaster of St. Croix in the years 1760-61, in spite of the enemy's attacks and with severe labor, he floated off and got away the royal ships from the dark whirlpools, and after they had been separated by the tortuous windings of the river Vilaine restored them safe to their stations. In the year 1762 he invaded Newfoundland in America. In 1772 giving up his command, he devoted himself wholly to governing the Islands of France and Bourbon during seven years, to the advantage of France, and the happiness of the Colonists. In the year 1780, being sent by his most Christian King with relief to the Federal States struggling for liberty, he occupied Rhode Island. While he was preparing himself for new dangers he died in this city, to the grief of his fellow officers, and with the laments and regrets of the Federal States, eminent for every virtue and mourned by his friends, on the 15th Dec. 1780, aged 58. His most Christian Majesty, the judge of virtue, in order that the memory of a distinguished man should be consecrated to posterity, ordered this monument to be placed here in 1783 *

* The following is the original inscription :

D. O. M.
CAROLUS LUDOVICUS D'ARSAC DE TERNAY
Ordinis Sti Hierosolymitani, Eques, nondum vota professus,
a vetere et nobili genere, apud AMORICOS oriundus,
unus e Regiarum classium præfectis,
CIVIS, MILES, IMPERATOR,
de Rege suo, et Patriâ, per 42 annos bene meritus,
hoc sub marmore JACET.
FELICITER AUDAX,
naves Regias, post CROISIACAM cladem,
per invios VICENONLE fluvii anfractus dejectas
e coccis voraginibus, et improbo labore, annis 1760, 1761,
inter tela hostium,
detrusit, avellit, et Stationibus suis restituit incolumes.
Anno 1762 TERRAM NOVAM in America invasit.
Anno 1772, renunciatus PRÆTOR,
ad regendas BORBONIAM et FRANCLE Insulas
in GALLIÆ commoda, et Colonorum felicitatem,
per annos Septem totus incubuit.
FŒDERATIS ORDINIBUS, pro libertate dimicantibus,
A REGE CHRISTIANISSIMO missus, subsidio anno 1780
RHODUM INSULAM occupavit:
Dum ad nova se accingebat pericula,
IN HAC URBE,
inter commilitorum planctus,
inter FŒDERATORUM ORDINUM lamenta et desideria,
mortem obiit, gravem bonis omnibus et luctuosam suis,
die 15a Xbris M.DCC LXXX,
natus annos 58,
REX CHRISTIANISSIMUS severissimus, virtutis judex,
ut clarissimi Viri memoria posteritati consecretur,
hoc monumentum ponendum jussit
M.DCC.LXXXIII.

The masonry which supported this marble had crumbled, and the whole structure was falling to decay, when it attracted the notice of the Marquis de Noailles, the French minister at Washington, who immediately directed it to be repaired, and a granite slab, suitably inscribed, to be placed over it: and removed the marble, with the original inscription, renovated and restored, to the interior of the church, where it is to be placed in a perpendicular position, with an escutcheon, in marble, of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem.

It seems manifestly improper that the country should permit this pious duty to be performed—I will not say by a stranger, for the kinsman of La Fayette cannot be a stranger in America—but by any individual, or by any other government. De Ternay did not, indeed, like LaFayette, inspired by the love of liberty, volunteer his maiden sword in aid of our struggling nationality; but with willing obedience to the commands of his sovereign he brought to our assistance skill, experience, and a name renowned in war. His premature death prevented the benefits which the country expected from his services, yet those services, so long as life lasted, were appreciated by both governments. His own government honored his sepulchre, and left it in the charge of ours, on the soil which he had defended, and among the people whom he had succored. We cannot delegate that trust, or permit any but the highest authority to administer it.

We must not, in the honors which we pay to the heroes of our own time, forget those whose deeds illustrate our earlier annals, lest the fame which we now celebrate may, in its turn, be put aside by that which is not brighter in lustre, but nearer to the living generation. But let us hold in equal remembrance those who have identified their names with the glory

of the country, in whatever time they flourished, and from whatever clime they came. And let the coming generations be taught that those who contribute to the defence, the advancement, the renown of the great Republic, shall never be forgotten, but shall live in grateful remembrance, coeval with its own immortal life.

It may be proper, although it is not necessary, to say that I propose this resolution wholly without the knowledge of the Marquis de Noailles. I move its reference to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

The motion was agreed to.

Mr. Anthony subsequently said: It has been suggested to me, and I think myself it would be more gracious, if the bill which I introduced, appropriating $800 for the repair and preservation of the monument of the Chevalier de Ternay, should be passed without a reference. I am quite sure no one will object to it.

The bill was reported to the Senate without amendment, ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, read the third time, and passed.

The following letter upon the subject was addressed to Mr. Anthony by the Marquis de Noailles, the French Minister at Washington: —

WASHINGTON, December 20th, 1873.

My dear Senator: —

I have read with a deep feeling of gratitude, the bill passed on the 16th of December by the Senate, concerning the sepulchral monument of the Chevalier de Ternay. If anything could add to the value of such a manifestation of the most delicate sentiment, it would be the courteous manner in which this bill has been passed and adopted by unanimous consent. The French Government and the French people will certainly be extremely sensible of such a proof of the pious recollection which the present generation preserves of what has

been done in former times, and it becomes my pleasant duty to remark that in American hearts, if I may use here a metaphor which does not seem foreign to the subject, the memory of the aid given by France to the young Republic has been more lasting than the Egyptian marble erected in the tomb of de Ternay.

The assistance which your people, in their infancy, received from the old world, you have since amply repaid, by what you have done to the cause of humanity, in extending civilization and the true principles of liberty, from ocean to ocean, over the immensity of the new American continent.

So far as I am concerned, I feel it a great honor that my name should have been mentioned before so illustrious a body as the Senate of the United States.

* * * * *

I remain, my dear Senator, very sincerely yours,

MARQUIS DE NOAILLES.

Mr. Washburne, the American Minister at Paris, communicated a copy of the bill, with the speech, to the Duke de Cazas, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who replied in a note, of which the following is a translation :—

VERSAILLES, January 14, 1874.

My dear Minister: —

I thank you for your note enclosing the speech of Mr. Anthony, in support of the appropriation for the restoration of the tomb of the Admiral d'Arsac de Ternay, who died during the war of independence. The Marquis de Noailles had already advised me of this resolution and of the unanimous assent which it received.

Demonstrations of this kind are honorable alike to those who make them and to those in whose behalf they are rendered. I deem myself fortunate in the occasion to assure you how promptly the generous sentiments expressed on the other side of the Atlantic have found an echo in the hearts of the French people and of the government The memories evoked in such felicitous terms by the Senator from Rhode Island, are equally precious to your country and to our own: and the eloquent voice which recalls to the attention of the living

generation the achievements in which Admiral d'Arsac De Ternay bore a part, is heard with the same pleasure in Paris as in Washington

Accept the assurance of the high consideration with which I have the honor to be, my dear minister,

Your very humble and obedient servant,

DUC DE CAZAS.

Faithfully Yours,
Charles Sumner

CHARLES SUMNER.

Charles Sumner died in Washington, March 11, 1874, after an illness of a few hours. Mr. Boutwell, the surviving Senator from Massachusetts, was ill, and not able to attend in the Senate, and announce the death of his colleague, and he with the delegation from Massachusetts, in the House, requested Mr. Anthony to perform that sad duty. The Senate having been called to order, Mr. Anthony spoke as follows:—

Mr. President: In the absence of the Senator to whom this saddest duty appertains, and who is detained from the Senate by illness, the surviving Senator from Massachusetts, I have been requested to make to you the formal announcement of an event which my heart refuses to accept, and which my lips hesitate to declare. It is an event which needs not to be announced, for its dark shadow rests gloomily upon this chamber, and not only upon the Senate and the capital, but upon the whole country, and the intelligence of which, borne on the mysterious wires that underlie the seas, has been already carried to the remotest lands, and has aroused profoundest sympathy, wherever humanity weeps for a friend, wherever liberty deplores an advocate. The oldest member of this body in continuous service, he who yesterday was the oldest, beloved for the graces and the virtues of his personal character, admired for his genius and his accomplishments,

reverenced for the fidelity with which he adhered to his convictions, illustrious for his services to the Republic and to the world, has crossed the dark river that divides us from the "undiscovered country."

Charles Sumner died yesterday. To-day, in humble submission to the divine will, we meet to express our respect for his character, our veneration for his memory. To-morrow, with solemn steps and with sorrowing hearts, we shall bear him to the Massachusetts which he served so faithfully, and which loved him so well; and to her soil, precious with the dust of patriotism and of valor, of letters and of art, of statesmanship and of eloquence, we shall commit the body of one who is worthy to rest by the side of the noblest and the best of those who, in the centuries of her history, have made her the model of a free commonwealth. But the great deeds which illustrated his life shall not be buried with him, and never shall the earth cover the immortal principles to which he devoted every energy of his soul—the consummation and vindication of which, as his highest reward, a gracious God permitted him to witness.

Mr. President, this is not the time, nor is the office mine, to pronounce the words that are due to this event. A future hour and more fitting utterances shall interpret to the American people the affectionate respect of the Senate to our dead associate, the homage which it renders to his life and character.

Mr. President, I offer the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That a committee of six members be appointed by the President of the Senate *pro tempore*, to take order for superintending the funeral of Charles Sumner, late a member of this body, which will take place to-morrow (Friday) at half past twelve; and that the Senate will attend the same.

Resolved, As a further mark of respect entertained by the Senate for the memory of Charles Sumner, and his long and distinguished services to his country, that his remains be removed to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and attended by a committee of seven Senators, to be appointed by the President of the Senate *pro tempore*, who shall have full power to carry this resolution into effect.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

The President *pro tempore* appointed the following committee under the resolution : —

Committee of Arrangements.—Messrs. Anthony, Schurz, Frelinghuysen, Morrill, of Maine, Stevenson and Thurman.

Committee to accompany the remains, and to act as pall-bearers.—Messrs. Anthony, Schurz, Stockton, Sargent, Oglesby, and McCreery.

On the next day, the body of Mr. Sumner, after appropriate and impressive funeral ceremonies, was conveyed from Washington, in a special train, in charge of the committee, and accompanied by a committee of the House of Representatives and the delegation from Massachusetts, as mourners.

The body was delivered to the Governor of Massachusetts, at Doric Hall in the State-house, where, besides the Governor, were the Executive Council, committees of the two houses of the Legislature, the Mayor of Boston, and other official personages. Arrived at the State-house, Mr. Anthony, chairman of the committee of the Senate, addressed the Governor as follows :—

May it please Your Excellency : — We are commanded by the Senate of the United States to render back to you your illustrious dead. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, you dedicated to the public service a man who was, even then,

greatly distinguished. He remained in it, quickening its patriotism, informing its counsels, and leading in its deliberations, until, having survived in continuous service all his original associates, he has closed his earthly career. With reverent hands we bring to you his mortal part, that it may be committed to the soil of the renowned Commonwealth which gave him birth. Take it: it is yours. The part which we do not return to you is not wholly yours to receive, nor altogether ours to give. It belongs to the country, to freedom, to civilization, to humanity. We come to you with the emblems of mourning, which faintly typify the sorrow that dwells in the breasts which they cover. So much we must concede to the infirmity of human nature. But in the view of reason and philosophy, is it not rather a matter of high exultation that a life so pure in its personal qualities, so lofty in its public aims, so fortunate in the fruition of noble effort, has closed safely, without a stain, before age had impaired its intellectual vigor, before time had dimmed the lustre of its genius?

May it please Your Excellency: Our mission is accomplished. We commit to you the body of Charles Sumner. His undying fame, the Muse of History has already taken into her keeping.

On the 28th of April, 1874, the following resolutions were introduced into the Senate by Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts:—

Resolved by the Senate, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of Charles Sumner, long a Senator from Massachusetts, business be now suspended, that the friends and associates of the deceased may pay fitting tribute to his public and private virtues.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously. Addresses were made by Mr. Boutwell of Massachusetts, Mr. Thurman of Ohio, Mr. Spencer of Alabama, Mr. Morrill of Vermont, Mr. Pratt of Indiana, Mr. Sargent of California, Mr. Sherman of Ohio, Mr. Wadleigh of New Hampshire, and Mr. Anthony of Rhode Island, who made the closing speech as follows :—

Mr. President : I can add nothing of narration or of eulogy to what has been said, and so well said. Mr. Sumner's life, his character and his services have been fittingly presented, and on both sides of the chamber. The generous voices of political opponents have followed the affectionate praises of devoted friends, and nothing remains, but to close this sad and august observance. Yet something forbids my entire silence, and impels me to interpose a few sentences, before the subject passes from the consideration of the Senate.

My acquaintance with Mr. Sumner commenced previous to my entrance into this body, where it ripened into a friendship, which will always remain among the most agreeable recollections of my public life. I remained associated with him, until every other seat in the chamber, except one, had changed its occupant, and eight new ones had been added. Some left us in the ordinary chances and changes of political fortunes; some were transferred to other departments of the public service ; and of these some have returned again to the Senate. Some, as Douglas, and Baker, and Collamer, and Foot, and Fessenden, fell, like Sumner, at their posts, and like him were borne to their final repose, with all the demonstrations of public gratitude, of official respect, and of popular affection, with which a generous constituency decorates the memory of those whose lives have been spent in its service, and who have worthily worn its honors.

But Mr. Sumner's constituency was the Republic, wide as its farthest boundary and permeating its utmost limits: for he was conspicuously the representative of a principle which, although seminal in the organization of the Government, was slow of growth and fructified largely under his care. When the intelligence of his death followed so close upon the first intimation of his danger, it fell with an equal shock upon all classes of society, upon "all sorts and conditions of men;" it invaded, with equal sorrow, the abodes of luxury and the cottages of the poor—

> ——"*pauperum tabernas,*
> *Regumque turres.*

The scholar closed his book and the laborer leaned upon his spade. The highest in the land mourned their peer, the lowliest lamented their friend. How well his life had earned this universal testimony of respect; how naturally the broad sympathy which he had manifested for the wronged and the injured of every condition came back to honor his memory, it is not my purpose to enlarge upon. His eulogy is his life; his epitaph is the general grief; his monument, builded by his own hands, is the eternal statutes of freedom.

Mr. President, when I look back over this long period, crowded with great events, and which has witnessed the convulsion of the nation, the reorganization and reconstruction of our political system; when, in my mind's eye, I people this chamber with those whose forms have been familiar to me, whose names, many of them historical names, have been labelled on these desks, and are now carved on the marble that covers their dust, I am filled with a sadness inexpressible, yet full of consolation. For, musing on the transitory nature of all sublunary things, I come to perceive that their instability is not in their essence, but in the forms which they

assume, and in the agencies that operate upon them; and when I recall those whom I have seen fall around me, and whom I thought necessary to the success, almost to the preservation of great principles, I recall also those whom I have seen step into the vacant places, put on the armor which they wore, lift the weapons which they wielded, and march on to the consummation of the work which they inaugurated. And thus I am filled with reverent wonder at the beneficent ordering of nature, and inspired with a loftier faith in that Almighty Power, without whose guidance and direction all human effort is vain, and with whose blessing the humblest instruments that He selects are equal to the mightiest work that He designs.

WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM.

William A. Buckingham died at Norwich, February 5, 1875. On the 27th of the same month, Mr. Ferry of Connecticut introduced into the Senate a resolution of respect for his memory. On this resolution Mr. Anthony spoke as follows: —

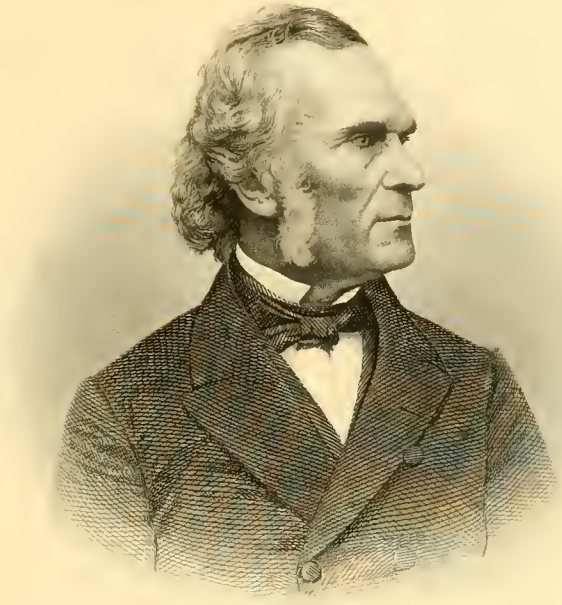
Mr. President,

> "The chamber where the good man meets his fate
> Is privileged beyond the common walk
> Of virtuous life; quite in the verge of heaven."

The resolution of the Senator from Connecticut bids us pause in the proceedings of the closing session, that we may render honor to a good man: one who, in a long life, crowded with active duties and largely occupied with the responsible control of important public affairs, did not fail in what he owed to himself and to his fellow-men, and who has left on his record nothing that those who loved him best and who grieve for him most would wish to efface.

There is nothing certain in life but death.

> "Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
> And stars to set; but all,—
> Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"



Wm. W. Buckingham

And when death comes early, when it crushes the budding loveliness of childhood or treads upon the bloom of youth, or even when it tramples on the strength of manhood, the natural grief that we feel is aggravated, because the event is as untimely as it is severe, and we murmur that it contradicts the order of nature.

But when the pale messenger lays his hand upon an accomplished life, a life that has rounded out the years which experience and inspiration assign as the desirable limit of human duration; when these years have been occupied with usefulness, rewarded by success, and crowned with honors; when a good man, having discharged the duties and fulfilled the trusts of life, lies down, calmly and peacefully, to his final repose, we may grieve, but we cannot complain. The tears of affection may not indeed be kept back, but the voice of reason is silenced. To complain at the close of such a life is to complain that the ripened fruit drops from the overloaded bough, that the golden harvest bends to the sickle; it is to complain of the law of our existence, and to accuse the Creator, that he did not make man immortal on the earth. For such a life eloquence shall lift her voice and poetry shall string her lyre. For such a man, praise, honor, imitation; but not tears! Tears for him who has failed; tears for him who fainted on the wayside; not for him who finished the journey; tears for him who, through his fault or his misfortune, omitted to employ the opportunities that were given to him for the work that was assigned to him, not for him who died when he had accomplished that for which he lived.

We will lament, therefore, in no complaining spirit, for the man whose memory we celebrate to-day. With

our grief that he has died shall be mingled our thankfulness that he has lived. The State that he served so faithfully and so well, in the time of her greatest emergency, proudly lifts his name, and inscribes it on the roll of her honored and remembered sons. And the history of that State cannot be fairly written without honorable mention of his character and his services. The Senate which he informed with wise councils, which he adorned with dignity of manners and with purity of life, bears equal testimony to his abilities and to his virtues, and equal honor to his memory.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

SUPPLEMENT.

Yours Truly
H. Wilson

ENGRAVED AND PRINTED
AT THE
BUREAU OF ENGRAVING & PRINTING
U.S.
TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

HENRY WILSON.

HENRY WILSON, Vice-President of the United States, died in the Vice-President's room, in the Capitol, at Washington, November 22, 1875. On the 21st of January, 1876, Mr. Bontwell introduced resolutions of respect to his memory. On these resolutions Mr. Anthony spoke as follows: —

Mr. President: It was well said by my friend from Kentucky, that the life of HENRY WILSON forms a chapter of American history full of instruction; it is full of cheerful instruction, full of hope to languid patriotism, full of encouragement to ingenuous youth. In his desolate and unprotected childhood, in the early struggles, through which his faculties developed into strength and his virtues hardened into consistency, in the steadfast purposes and the great results of his manhood, we have an illustration and a vindication of free institutions. With no advantages of birth or connection, he outstripped, in the career of life, those who started with him in the enjoyment of them all. The strength that he acquired in overcoming obstacles that friendly hands had removed from the paths of others enabled him to meet, with greater vigor, those obstacles which every man must encounter for himself. Without assistance, at the age when assistance is most needed, with little sympathy, till he had won a position that made him independent of it, he raised himself to the second place in the Republic, and, in the minds of many, was designated for the first.

I do not propose to delineate his character, or to recount the story of his life. I should only repeat what has been better said, here and elsewhere, by those to whom the grateful duty was most appropriate. Enough that, in an age too much devoted to the pursuit of wealth, he carried his contempt for money to a fault; that in a time when the luxuriousness of private life invaded the purity and threatened the safety of society, he preserved the simple habits that best become a republican magistrate; that as he had borne adversity without murmuring and with unconquerable determination, so he bore success with moderation; and that in all his high employments, the possession of power never provoked him to insolence in the exercise of it. I will not adduce, among the evidences of his merit, that his personal character mainly escaped calumny; for the best men in public life are not the least vilified, and political malignity seeks not the justice but the occasion of assault. But even that malignity could find little upon which to fasten its fangs in one whose chief use for money was to give it to others, and whose only use of power was for the public good.

Nor was the occasion of his death inappropriate to his life. It has been lamented that the inevitable hour found him away from his home, and without the tender ministrations of woman. In this regret I do not share. Where should the patriot warrior die, rather than on the field of battle or on the slippery deck, with the flag of his country victorious over him? Where should the patriot statesman, whose life has been devoted to freedom, die, rather than in the Capitol, whose uplifted dome bears aloft the vindicated statue of Liberty.

And home he had none. No man shared more largely in the affections of the American people; no man was more beloved by his immediate constituency; but those pleasures which the greatest of American orators placed above all the

other immeasurable blessings of rational existence, above the treasures of science and the delights of learning and the aspects of nature, even above good government and religious liberty, "the transcendent sweets of domestic life," were no more for him. Those relations which nature intended for the joy and the rapture of our youth, for the happiness and the embellishment of our maturer years, for the comfort and consolation of age, had been severed by the remorseless shears of Fate. No eye grew brighter when he raised the latch that held his lonely dwelling; no outstretched arms of wife, no ringing laughter of children, welcomed his returning footsteps, when he crossed the threshold over which all that had given life, and joy, and beauty to that simple abode, and had lighted it up with a glory not of palaces, had been borne never to return. He had nothing left to love but his country. It was proper, then, that he should die here, here where his greatest work had been wrought, here where his greatest triumphs had been achieved, here where his voice had been raised, till the outer corridors had echoed back his words, for truth, for justice, for right.

It was proper that from yonder chamber, to which the suffrages of his fellow-citizens had carried him, he was borne to his final place of rest. He entered that town, for the first time, a friendless lad, all his possessions carried in a bundle which swung lightly in his hand. He entered it, for the last time, accompanied by the pageantry of a nation's woe, with muffled drums, and arms reversed, and banners draped in black; from a thousand heights the flag of his country drooped at half-mast; from fort and arsenal and dock-yard, the booming of a single gun, at solemn intervals, announced the progress of the sad procession. Tender and loving hands received him; friends and neighbors, who loved him because he was good, even more than they admired him because he was great, stood tearfully around his open grave.

The bleak winds of a New England winter came down from his native hills, and moaned his requiem through the leafless trees. And there, with swelling hearts, but with unfaltering trust in the eternal promises of God, they laid his manly and stalwart form to mingle with the dust of his kindred.

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